but they say his face was like the countenance of a man who had sold himself to the devil and had quite forgotten it till the appearance of Old Nick brought the compact ruefully to his mind.

19th. Walked to Madrid, which is in a very ruinous condition, propped up in many places, but still inhabited; the outward ornaments all tile and baked earth of various colours, to imitate porphyry; a strange mixture of Grecian colours and barbarous entablements. In the afternoon to Longchamps; a great crowd of carriages, but few worthy of notice, either for richness, elegance or horses

20th. Went to stay at the Val with the Beauveaus and the Princess de Poix. The latter, who is very captivating, but who never succeeded in becoming a good player at billiards, had these lines sent to her:

"Vous, qui d'amour fuvez les loix,
Evitez la belle de Poix*
Sans soins, sans projets, et sans arts,
Cette Princesse
Touche sans cesse
Hors au billard.

Surprise de ne point toucher,
Un jour elle alla pour chercher
La cause chez un grand docteur;
Qui dit, Ma fille,
C'est qu'une bille,
N'est pas un cœur."